SMITH'S REPORT

On the Holocaust Controversy

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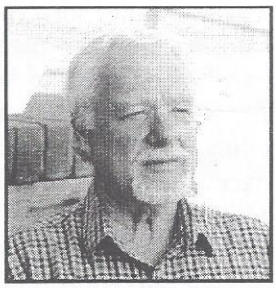

Supporting "The Campaign to Decriminalize World War II History"

READING MEIN KAMPF

THE HUMAN FACE OF REVISIONISM: A CHALLENGE

THE HISTORIANS AND THE HOLOCAUST: ONE WEEK IN JULY

On the Internet revisionism is everywhere, literally. The peoples living in European countries and in Israel, where revisionism is illegal, have access to it. In Arab and Muslim societies world-wide revisionist perspectives are disseminated routinely via traditional media as well as the Internet. In American media, however, unlike on the Internet, revisionism is more or less where it was ten years ago. It's nowhere. Revisionists are anti-Semites and there's an end to it. One of our challenges is to find a way to change that.

OUR STORIES: The Human Face of Holocaust Revisionism

Each of us has a story about how we first became aware of Holocaust revisionism, what our reaction was, what argument first caught our attention, what most surprised us about what we discovered, how our interest developed, how it changed the way we saw the history of our time, how revisionism changed our lives, sometimes subtly, sometimes radically. These stories *are* the "human face" of revisionism. Individual, personal stories. Just as the "survivor" has his story, we have ours. As you know, I have worked at this issue for a long time now. First with *Confessions of a Holocaust Revisionist*, then with *Break His Bones*, even in this newsletter and on CODOHWeb.

It is widely believed in our community, and I agree, that revisionist arguments regarding the Holocaust story have won the historical debate. The professorial class, historians and others, simply cannot respond to revisionist arguments without giving up the game, and have chosen by and large to not publish on the matter any longer. The last gasp of the few still-interested historians was made during the Irving/Lipstadt trial six years ago, addressing Irving's work alone, a historian who did very little (no?) work on the Holocaust itself. In short, while revisionists are not publishing much these days, the professors are publishing less.

At the same time, the Holocaust story is everywhere in American media, and everywhere used to morally justify, finally, Israeli depredations against Arabs, the U.S. alliance with Israel which includes arming the Israeli military with tens of billions of dollars worth of air and ground equipment. And then as a matter of course there will be the "blow-back" from Islamist fanatics who even now, I suppose, are preparing to intentionally slaughter American civilians in the U.S. and abroad. Why not? They will be addressing what they see, with considerable accuracy, as the root of the problem.

Continued on next page

Again—while survivors have their stories, we have ours. Survivors are encouraged to tell their stories, while we risk punishment for telling ours. In American media the face of every revisionist is promoted as the face of an anti-Semite. That's simply how it is. One reason (among several) is that we have not told our stories, have not gotten our stories into media, to the public. I believe we have got to find a way to do this, to change our "image." In media, image is everything, while in life image is almost everything.

While some of us are, as a matter of fact, anti-Semites, the great majority of us are not. We have got to find a way to make this clear. Not by denying the charge. How can I prove that I am not—whatever? I am going to suggest that one way to do this is to tell our stories openly and honestly, with the good will that most of us feel. Being of good will does not mean that we cannot be angry at Jews who behave badly toward us, or toward others. Rather, it suggests that we judge Jews as individuals, and hold ourselves to the same high moral standards that we would want to hold them.

I am asking those of you who believe such a project worthy of your time, to write out you own story in a way that it is natural for you to tell it. If you have read my interview with Robert Faurisson, "Bradley Smith Interviews Robert Faurisson," you will understand one approach that I think works well. This was not written all in one fell swoop, but was developed over a period of some time, with a substantial back and forth. You will notice how simple the story is, how simply it is treated, and how it can only be the story of that one individual. The simplicity of the telling does not distract from the originality of the story. It cannot. Each of us is unique, each has a unique story to tell. If we tell our stories accurately, both with regard to incident and to how we feel about the incidents we relate, each of our stories will be unique, and each will contribute to the human face of revisionism. It is a face that we need, and it is a face that truly represents us.

Our stories will not be academic papers, or articles for journals. That does not mean that academic work cannot be referenced, cannot be used to illustrate a point—indeed, that will oftentimes be necessary in order for you to tell your story—but we will want to address the human side, the human costs, the sheer excitement of having discovered that we have allowed ourselves to be open to revisionist arguments. Every story, if it comes from your real life, will be a surprise. Surprise (I recall Norman Mailer remarking on this 50 years ago) is one key to literature, to journalism, to keeping the reader involved.

Here is my suggestion. You may choose to approach it some other way. Think of it simply as writing me a letter. You have sat yourself down with pen and paper, or at your computer, and you are going to tell me, personally, how it was for you to discover revisionism and how it affected you, how it affected your life. Not an academic paper, not an article for a journal. A simple letter. Five pages, ten, fifty pages. Whatever it takes. When I read your letter I will have some questions for you. I may do a little editing, then return it to you with the questions you will have brought to mind. If you find my questions relevant, you will respond and we will incorporate, or add, that material to what you first sent along. Between us, we will put together an interesting, and because it is your particular story, in every case unique a revelation of the "human face" behind Holocaust revisionism.

This is a project I have had in the back of my mind for a long while. I didn't understand quite how to approach it. I do now. Nothing could be simpler. These are stories that "everyone" will find interesting, even fascinating, especially newbies. There will be a common thread, one of discovery, but each story will come out of a unique situation, unique circumstances, from a unique person. While each story share common experiences with others, not one will duplicate another, just as no life is a duplicate of another life. As the collection grows, the human face behind revisionism will become increasingly apparent, and people new to revisionism will be able to see that it is only human to question the Holocaust story once you have discovered revisionist arguments.

With regard to publishing this material: in the first instance I will publish it on CODOHWeb in a section titled

OUR STORIES:
The Human Face of
Holocaust Revisionism.

Each story will be posted under the name of its author. Some of you will want to use your own name, others will want to use a pseudonym. That is not a problem. Just make it clear to me what name you want associated with your story. All materials submitted to this project will become the property of CODOH. If this is an issue for you, please tell me about it in writing. In the future we may have a book here. No guarantee. We'll see how it goes.

So—when will I hear from you?

READING MEIN KAMPF: Adolf Hitler and Me

Chapter Six (working draft)

Based on the translation by James Murphy. First published in March 1939, reset April 1942

When Hitler was thirteen his father died. When he was fifteen his mother died. "Though expected, her death came as a terrible blow to me. I respected my father, but I loved my mother." At the same time, his mother's two-year illness had used up most of the family resources. As an orphan, he would receive an allowance from the State, but "it was not enough even for the bare necessities of life. Somehow I would have to earn my own bread."

> *With my clothes and linen packed in a valise and with an indomitable resolution in my heart, I left for Vienna. I hoped to forestall fate, as my father had done fifty years before. I was determined to become 'something'—but certainly not a civil servant.*

During the final stages of his mother's illness, Adolf had traveled to Vienna with a "bulky packet of sketches" to take the entrance examination for the Academy of Fine Arts. In the local *Reaschule*, Adolf saw himself as "by far the best student in the drawing class" and was making steady progress in the "practice of drawing." He was very "proud and happy" by what he thought was an "assured success (…) I was so convinced of my success that when the news that I had failed to pass was brought to me it struck me like a bolt from the skies." When he approached the Rector of the school to find out how this could have happened, he was told that his "bulky packed of sketches" suggested very strongly that he should study architecture, not fine art.

When I left the Hansen Palace, on the Schiller Platz, I was quite crestfallen. I felt out of sorts with myself for the first time in my young life. For what I had heard about my capabilities now appeared to me as a lighting flash which clearly revealed a dualism under which I had been suffering for a long time, but hitherto I could give no clear account whatsoever of the why and wherefore. [But] within a few days I myself also knew that I ought to become an architect.

Hitler writes that his self-assurance soon returned. He turned his eyes on his goal. He would become an architect. "Obstacles are placed in our path not to stop us, but to be surmounted." Hitler's father had been the son of a village shoemaker. Hitler realizes that his own start in life was significantly more favorable.

At that time my lot in life seemed to me a harsh one; but today I see I it as the wise workings of Providence, The Goddess of Fate clutched me in her hands and often threatened to smash me; but the will grew stronger as the obstacles increased, and finally the will triumphed.

I am thankful for that period of my life, because it hardened me and enabled me to be as tough as I now am. And I am even more thankful because I appreciate the fact that I was thus saved from the emptiness of a life of ease and that a mother's darling was taken from tender arms and handed over to Adversity as to a new mother. Though I then rebelled against it as too hard a fate, I am grateful that I was thrown into a world of misery and poverty and thus came to know the people for whom I was afterwards to fight.

It was during this period that my eyes were opened to two perils; the names of which I scarcely knew hitherto and had no notion whatsoever of their terrible significance for the existence of the German people. These two perils were Marxism and Judaism. (p22)

The possibility then of being smashed by Fate. The triumph of the will. The Virtues of being hardened and toughened. The emptiness of a life of ease. The consciousness of being a mother's darling. Adversity itself as a "loving Mother." Gratitude for having found those who live in misery and poverty. The desire to fight (work) to better their lot. The terrible significance for Germans of Marxism and Judaism. All in all it would seem that such matters would not be the natural consequence of life for a young man deciding on a career in architecture.

We won't argue here that Hitler recognized all the above at the moment he decided to become an architect, but will suggest that these matters came to his attention during his advanced teenage years. For myself, I turned fifteen in February 1945, and three months later was half-awake to the ending of WWII in Germany. I had followed the military campaigns in a boyish way, and often worked out the ma-

jor battles, as I understood them in the newspaper and radio accounts, with decks of playing cards representing the different commands. I remember particularly following the German campaign in North Africa, and later the grand affair inside the Soviet Union, particularly the events of 1942/43, but afterwards had lost interest.

That I might be smashed by fate, or life, never occurred to me. A triumph of the will was beyond my imagination. I never thought about being hard or tough, nor soft and weak. I was, like Adolf, a mother's darling, but I took that to be the natural way of things. How else could it be? While we had been very poor, we had never been miserable, and I never knew people who were miserable. I felt no need to fight, struggle, to help anyone better his lot. I was satisfied with what we had. I did not contemplate the significance or possible consequences for the American people, if either the Germans or the Japanese won the war and the Americans lost. I do not think it even crossed my mind that "we" would lose. I didn't know what a Marxist was, and I had never had reason to know what a Jew was, though many years later I understood that there had been a sprinkling of Jews living in South-Central at that time.

One was my friend, Ernest Kamm. He lived in a nice old house on an alley just off of San Pedro Street. He had a younger brother. I remember that his mother, a smallish woman with unusually black hair, had no interest in me. I remember how there were no curtains on the windows. One day after school—we were in the 6th grade at 66th Street School, it was probably 1941—Ernst showed me a small smooth stone. It was the size of an egg, perhaps, but was rather flat. He had written two words on the stone: "So what?" I thought it was awfully clever. We were both laughing. I asked him to give it to me. He did. I took it home and that evening I showed it to my mother and father. Mother smiled and dismissed it. Father said: "Smart aleck little Jew." That was the first time I had heard the word "Jew," outside of Bible class.

A couple years later, when I was 14 maybe, Ernest introduced me to the Boy Scouts, which met in a local high school. I rode over on my bicycle a couple evenings. I had some interest in the group, not a lot. I would lay my bike down on the grass outside the entrance to the hallway. The third night I came out to discover someone had stolen it. My father was incensed, reporting the theft to the police. I didn't return to the Scouts. The police actually found the bike. Some kid on 69th street had it. It was identified by its license plate.

Ernst and I stopped seeing each other. No reason. I had horses and all my time was spent working with them, riding, becoming part of the horse world with Texas and other Dustbowl immigrants on the fringe of South Central. One afternoon in early 1945 I ran into Ernest on the corner of 62nd Street and San Pedro. It was coincidence. He was bigger than me now, rather beefy, powerful looking and, surprisingly, dressed in a Canadian air force uniform.

"How did you do that?"

Ernest said: "They don't care how old you are up there. You tell them you're eighteen and they just write it down. You could do it too."

"But you're not eighteen."

"The Canadians don't care. Anyone can do it. You can do it."

He was laughing. I didn't understand why he would do such a thing. He seemed more mature than me. I could see dark hair on his upper lip. It would never have occurred to me to go to Canada and join anything. I didn't have a clue why he did it. At the time, I didn't make the connection with him being a Jew. What did being a Jew have to do with it?

With regard to the Marxists, I may not have known what the word meant. I may never have heard the word. I remember when I was about eleven in our front room that my father got into an argument with our neighbor Mr. Matchett. I heard my father say angrily something about "you god dammed communists" and Mr. Matchett laughing. Aside from that one reference I do not recall communism ever mentioned in our house when I was a teenager, or that Marxism was ever mentioned at all.

I had no interest in politics. I was thirteen when I bought my first horse, stopped going to Sunday school, and until I was eighteen I had no other interests. In those days the street car lines ran out to 116th street and Vermont, and that was the end of the city streets. Beyond 116th Street there were hay ranches, oil fields, and truck farms. I would take the street car to the end of the line and walk to 119th Street to where I boarded my horses at "Ma Lyons" boarding stable. I became a good horseman. Some of us enter our maturity when we are teenagers, others don't. With regard to maturity, or maturity of interests, as teenagers, Adolf was about one light year ahead of me.

He writes about "five years of poverty" in Vienna.

> *Five years in which, first as a casual laborer and then as a painter of little trifles. I had to earn my daily bread. And a meager morsel indeed it was, not even sufficient to still the hunger which I constantly felt. That*

hunger was the faithful guardian which never left me but took part in everything I did. Every book that I bought meant renewed hunger, and every visit I paid to the opera meant the intrusion of that inalienable companion during the following days. I was always struggling with my unsympathetic friend. And yet during that time I learned more than I had ever learned before. Outside my architectural studies and rare visits to the opera, for which I had to deny myself food, I had no other pleasure in life except my books.

During those years I never had to earn my livelihood. For pocket money I delivered newspapers via my bicycle, then got a part-time job as a stock boy in the liquor department of a supermarket on the corner of Florence and Figueroa. I was never hungry. Ever! While I did use the library, I never bought a book. The people I knew didn't buy books. My family didn't buy books. I didn't know where a bookstore was in South Central. I never went to the opera, and I never knew anyone who did. Ironically, while in John C. Fremont High School, like Adolf, I did study architecture for a year and a half as a vocational major. I was drawn to design, but would not take the trouble to learn the engineering that was demanded. I managed to not get thrown out of the class by not completely failing my exams. It didn't matter. I was in a world of horses and horsemen.

Adolf read a great deal at that age, and reports that he "pondered deeply" what he read. All his free time after work was devoted exclusively to study. Within a few years he was able to acquire "a stock of knowledge which I find useful even today."

But more than that. During those years a view of life and a definite outlook on the world took shape in my mind. These became the granite basis of my conduct at that time. Since then I have extended that foundation only very little, and I have changed nothing in it.

On the contrary: I am firmly convinced today that, generally speaking, it is in youth that men lay the essential groundwork of their creative thought, wherever that creative thought exists. I make a distinction between the wisdom of age—which can only arise from the greater profundity and foresight that are based on the experiences of a long life—and the creative genius of youth, which blossoms out in thought and ideas with in exhaustive fertility, without being able to put these into practice immediately, because of their very superabundance. These furnish the building materials and plans for the future; and it is from them that age takes the stones and builds the edifice, unless the so-called wisdom of the years may have smothered the creative genius of youth.

I read somewhat widely and with some enthusiasm, but almost exclusively in the history of the American West. I was not aware of any ideas associated with what I was reading. No overt or implied moral or historical lessons made an impression on me. Other than the idea that it was best to act with courage, best to act with honor. It wasn't made entirely clear what was honorable and what was not. Same today as I watch the news and the Israelis are destroying Lebanon and killing whomever they think it in their interest to kill, with the backing of the American administration. There are questions of honor to be addressed here, as there are everywhere.

I saw the American West as an endless series of romantic adventure stories and biographies of men who lived in a world that had only just passed. In the 1940s it was not uncommon to find elderly folk who as children had experienced frontier life. I met people who had met Wyatt Earp, a man whose story fascinated me, and others who had known folk who had known folk who had crossed the plains in covered wagons. Earp, as a matter of fact, lived in San Bernadino, near Los Angeles, until he died in 1929. Curiously (to think of it now), he was married to a Jewish lady from San Francisco, Josie Marcus. She lived until 1944.

Years later in the main reading room of the New York Public Library, where I was reading Dietze Suzuki on Zen Buddhism, thought recalled something I had read in Earp's autobiography when I was a teenager. He was asked what advice he could give about taking part in a gun fight. His response was that you should draw "as quickly as possible, without hurrying." I was maybe 16 years old. I found the answer intriguing. How do you do that? I first read the quote in the mid-1940s, recalled it in the late 1950s, and have never forgotten it. Move as quickly as possible, but do not hurry. Zen, pure and simple.

I read for pleasure, not as Adolf did, to study. What was there to study? I did not "ponder" anything I read. I either remembered it, or half-remembered it, or forgot about it. When I finished a book I enjoyed, I rather mindlessly turned to another book that I hoped would give me as much pleasure as the one I had just finished. Reading was pleasure, not study. Horses were pleasure. My friends. Girls were becoming a pleasure, and

sometimes it was difficult to get them out of my mind. Still, I was uncertain how much pleasure girls could really be. I was smart, I was funny, I was good looking, and girls liked me. I had many friends who were girls, but it did not yet seem correct to me to approach them in any way other than as friends. I suppose I did "ponder" the girl thing, but came to no conclusion while still in high school. It appeared to me to be very complicated, and then there was the fact that I did not want to reveal myself publicly. Somewhere along the way, that changed radically.

It was different for Adolf in his teenage years. A "view of life" formed itself in his mind. The "granite basis" of his conduct, a foundation for his life which he would "extend" in later years, but would change "nothing in it."

> *(...)generally speaking, it is in youth that men lay the essential groundwork of their creative thought*
>
> *(...) the creative genius of youth, which blossoms out in thought and ideas with an exhaustive fertility, without being able to put these into practice immediately, because of their very superabundance. These furnish the building materials and plans for the future; and it is from them that age takes the stones and builds the edifice, unless the so-called wisdom of the years may have smothered the creative genius of youth.*

I wonder. It must be so for some, but for a very rare minority. How many of us really experience Hitler's "creative genius of youth?" How it "blossoms out in thought and ideas with an exhaustive fertility." Thought recalls Keats, but when I rummage around in memory for others, in the moment I do not come up with another name. And then I do not really understand what Hitler means when he writes about creative genius. Is it creative genius to form an attitude as a teenager toward history, politics, or culture? With genius, perhaps you can get something of a grasp on such matters. But is it "creative" to do so, or would we simply be following our subjective inclinations? And how would you demonstrate that such a thing would be creative? Intelligence is one thing, creativeness another. Maybe it's a mix. In the end, how do we judge either before we see what comes of it?

Last night, half asleep yet restless, I watched Alexander the Great on television. Brad Pitt as Alexander and Angelina Jolie as his mother. Some mother. Jolie is an actress with facial features of real beauty and a deep sexual wantonness. As a movie, Alexander was poorly conceived and poorly executed. At the same time it contained the outline of a magnificent story. I found I did not want to turn it off. The battle scenes were immense, impressive, but unreadable. With all its faults, it made me want to read a short biography of Alexander. I have a 1954 set of Britannica. The materials there on Alexander will be all that I need. I suppose.

At the end of the movie an old man is telling Alexander's story so that Macedonian, or Greek, scribes can write down Alexander's story from an "eyewitness." He refers to Alexander as a "dreamer." In the movie Alexander dreamed of conquering the world and uniting into one all the diverse peoples he conquered. To that symbolic, integrative purpose he took a Persian wife, then he proceeded to kill everyone in Asia who got in his way, just as he had done before he married. I suppose it could be argued that he was a "liberal."

But then the screenwriters had the old man make an interesting observation about "dreamers." He said: "In the end, the dreamers exhaust us." The thought caught my attention. I hadn't expected such an interesting observation to be made in this kind of Hollywood, big-budget, grade B movie.

"In the end, the dreamers exhaust us."

And then thought took me back to Mein Kampf and Hitler writing about the "creative genius of youth," how it blossoms with "exhaustive fertility," and how his own teenage creative genius shaped his world outlook, became the granite basis of his conduct, and that while he had "extended" its scope, he had "changed nothing in it" since he was that kid.

Alexander was twenty years old, hardly out of his teens, when he became, upon the murder of his father, the ruler of Macedonia. He immediately took control of the Macedonian army and led it against Greeks who he considered enemies of his own State. He was a military genius. Hitler was to prove not to be. But last night, in the moment, it occurred to thought to compare the teenage "dreamings" of Alexander and those of Adolf Hitler. The vastness of their dreamings, the incredible self-confidence, the willingness to risk a sea of blood and suffering, to realize them, the sheer organizational and manage-ment abilities—in the end it was as if they were from another planet. In Alexander's day there was every reason to think of him as a god. We are past such beliefs now, no one suggests that Hitler became a god, but there remains a myth about him that, for some, remains rather out of this world. Both for those who admire

him, and those who hate and fear what they believe he stood for.

Almost as a post-script it occurs to me to recall that in Alexander the Great it was openly suggested that Alexander had sexual issues that he could not straighten out, if loving men and women alike is still considered a sexual issue. I think the historical record, such as it is, suggests that was true. Adolf Hitler, for his part, appeared to have some kind of sexual issue as well. Women loved him, even committed suicide in the desperation of their love. I have never heard it suggested that Hitler was homosexual. But something was going on there. Something he kept hidden. Alexander was open about his sexuality and was willing to kill anyone for the good of mankind. Hitler was very private about his sexuality and he was willing to see anyone killed for the good of his own people. There it is. Two immensely capable men, each driven by the need to help others, each willing to bring about any crime against humanity to get it done, and each with some sexual issue.

Of course, Henry the Eighth and Bill Clinton had sexual issues.

Great dreamings then, the creative genius of youth blossoming with exhaustive fertility, and then the catastrophic exhaustion of others waking up. After the immense slaughter of human beings that Alexander brought about, his empire began to fall apart at his death. Hitler's empire, created on what he himself termed the "bedrock" of his teenage imagination, fell down around his own ears, soaked in blood and misery.

Both these men remain heroes to some. The problem inherent with insignificant men like myself—and such men as myself make up almost all humankind—writing about the Alexanders and the Hitlers of the world, is that while we may congratulate ourselves on having done no harm with our actions, we do great harm indeed with our inability to act effectively. Responsibility for the catastrophe of life as we have lived it over the centuries is shared, then, by those few who believe utterly in their own visions, and by the rest of us who choose to not have such vast visions, but to remain insignificant before the immense movement of human time.

Peace, n. A popular reason for war among peace-loving people.
-- L.A. Rollins, *Lucifer's Lexicon*.

HOLOCAUST HEADLINES FEATURED ON HISTORY NEWS NETWORK DURING ONE WEEK IN JULY

Dutch museum recalls Nazi use of Rembrandt

Source: The Scotsman (7-14-06)

His face is one of the best known in the art world, and as the Netherlands cele-brates the 400th anniversary of Rembrandt's birth, his life and work retain few secrets. But did you know he was once a Nazi icon? An exhibition at the Dutch Resistance Museum in Amsterdam recalls the Nazis' largely forgotten mission to incorporate the Dutch painter into fascist ideology, and win sympathy in the Netherlands, which they occupied in 1940.

Le Pen faces Holocaust denial charges,

Source: New York Times (7-13-06)

The far-right leader Jean-Marie Le Pen is headed to court for injudicious comments he made last year about the Nazis' wartime activities in France. The trial will decide whether he is guilty of "complicity in contesting crimes against humanity and complicity in justifying war crimes" by telling a right-wing weekly magazine last year that "in France, at least, the German occupation was not particularly inhumane, although there were some blunders, inevitable in a country of 550,000 square kilometers." Mr. Le Pen has been fined twice for dismissing the Holocaust as a "detail" of history. Denying the Holocaust is a crime in France, punishable by fines or prison.

UN backs Auschwitz name change

Source: Courier Mail (7-14-06)

The United Nations has agreed to rename Auschwitz concentration camp to stress that Nazi Germans, not Poles, were responsible for the world's most notorious death camp. Poland's Culture Ministry said on Wednesday that "Auschwitz Concentration Camp" would be renamed "the Former Nazi German Concentration Camp of Auschwitz".

Polish coalition jeopardizes cooperation on Holocaust education Source: Haaretz (7-9-06)

Israeli officials have decided to refuse all contact with Poland's new education minister because he leads a right-wing party they consider anti-Semitic, a policy that could hinder cooperation in the area of Holocaust education …

Anne Frank diary burning sparks outrage in Germany
Source: Washington Post (7-11-06)

The ceremonial burning of the diary of Holocaust victim Anne Frank by far-right extremists in eastern Germany was condemned by the German government amid calls to intensify efforts to stamp out neo-Nazi activity.

Holocaust deniers surveying historians about views
Source: HNN summary of an article in Pressbox (7-13-06)

"A group which stubbornly refuses to identify itself is launching the world's first survey of the attitudes of academic historians to Holocaust revisionism." Holocaust deniers appear to be behind the survey. A spokesperson told Pressbox: 'We read daily in our newspapers and online news sources about Holocaust revision-ists being arrested, put on trial or imprisoned for their views, and we get told a lot how very awful these people are and so on, but no one seems to have thought to ask historians what they actually think about Holocaust revisionism. Our aim is, first of all, to find out how much historians know about Holocaust revisionism, and then, second, whether their views are supported by actual encounters with revisionism - or whether they're simply based on prejudice.'

(Whoever these folk are, may the gods be with them.)

OTHER STUFF

Some of you have been asking me to print inexpensive materials that you can distribute. It's a sensible thing to do, it can be helpful, oftentimes from quarters where you least expect it. I have always liked having such materials available, but I let it go. To get my toe back in the water I have reprinted the sticker shown above. The image here is slightly smaller than the original. They cost about ten cents each to print. They are on glossy yellow stock with black lettering. I will ship any number you want, at ten cents each.

The Holocaust Question

Ignore the Thought Police
Read the evidence.
Judge for yourself.
www.codoh.com

RICHARD COHEN???

The Washington Post
Hunker down with history
By Richard Cohen

Tuesday, July 18, 2006; A19

The greatest mistake Israel could make at the moment is to forget that Israel itself is a mistake. It is an honest mistake, a well-intended mistake, a mistake for which no one is culpable, but the idea of creating a nation of European Jews in an area of Arab Muslims (and some Christians) has produced a century of warfare and terrorism of the sort we are seeing now. Israel fights Hezbollah in the north and Hamas in the south, but its most formidable enemy is history itself […]

A stunning, and stunningly simple, observation. Israel was a "mistake." Cohen does not yet understand that the mistake of Israel was morally justified by the story about German WMD, which was itself a "mistake." We might try to bring this to his attention. Meanwhile, if you would like a copy of the full column, drop me a line and I'll send it on to you.

I have received copies of both the Leslie Marshall Show I did in Buffalo, and the Don Baham show in Portland. I'll tell you more about them in the next Report. And thanks much for your continued support. You make it possible. There's no one else.

Bradley

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